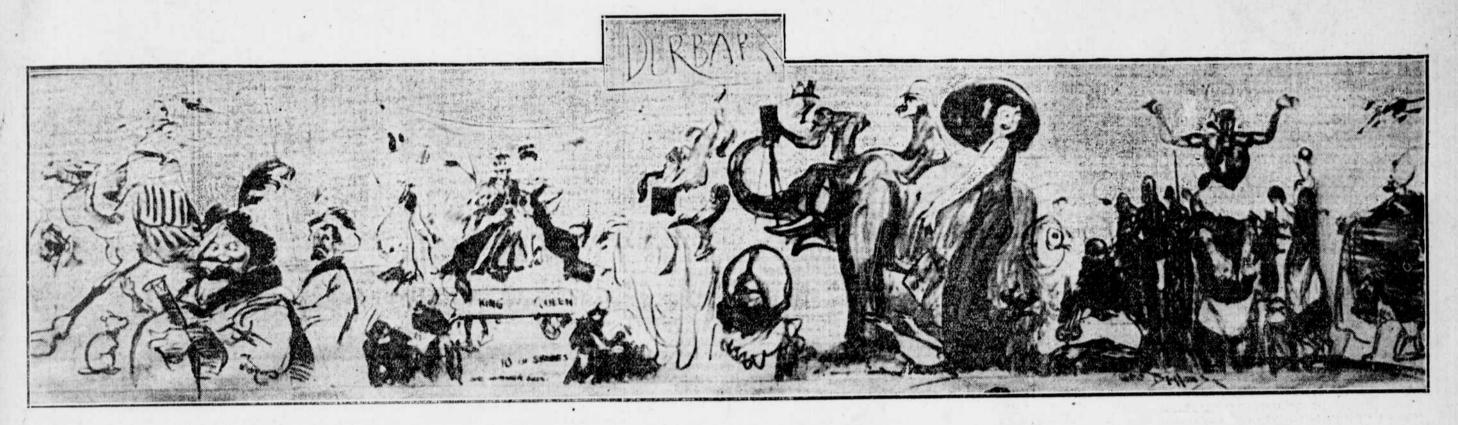
No Less Than Thirteen Artist-Cooks Had a Finger in This Broth of a Picture







The Picture Here Reproduced in Three Sections Was Drawn in Twenty Minutes Upon a Continuous Strip Seventy Feet Long at the Recent MacDowell Club Dinner by Thirteen Well Known Artists, All Working Coincidentally. Reading from Left to Right the Sections Were Drawn by the Following: Irving R. Wiles, Nell Brinkley, Wallace Morgan, Art. Young, Hy Mayer, James Montgomery Flagg, Boardman Robinson, George Bellows, John Sloan, F. Luis Mora, J. W. Alexander, Dan Smith and H. B. Eddy. (Copyright Lanzill Commercial Photo Company.)

Once, and in Twenty Minutes Completed Their Brobdignagian Task.

HE largest picture ever made in the history of the world in twenty minutes was produced before a magnificent audience in the Vanderbilt Gallery of the Fine Arts Building last Sunday

We have had nothing like it before in this country. Thirteen crack 'cross-country Marathoners in black and white cartooned over ten miles of perspective and an actual seventy feet of panel. In twenty minutes, one-third of an hour, these thirteen heroes of chalk, stump or charcoal had developed a gorgeous representation of the incompar-

The English language is impotent in description. This is true partly because the regular art critic of The Tribune was away, and the writer, who is a member of the sporting staff, was assigned to cover the steeplechase features of the occasion. As a steeplechase event it was calculated to test the jumping ability, strength and endurance of each candidate to the utmost.

The record shows that size had little do with success, as good large and good small racers performed with equal distinction, for instance, Hy Mayer and Nell Brinkley. Some were of the perfect chase The others carried more than 200 pounds. And George Bellows, for one, stood at least 27 hands high.

It was a brilliant event. There were thirteen gaits shown by such pretty steppers as Irving R. Wiles, Nell Brinkley, Vallace Morgan, Art Young, Hy Mayer. Flagg, George Bellows, John Sloan, F. uis Mora, John W. Alexander, Dan Smith and H. B. Eddy. It was a high toned, patrician bunch of fast, beautifully tempered well bred contestants, with lots of style and action. More of this spectacular sportsmanition would be welcome.

John W. Alexander, the veteran, performing alongside Nell Brinkley, the ultra-mod ern favorite, gave an additional dash to the affair. But it cannot too often be emphasized at the outset that there was not out, maimed, blind, halt or otherwise

sound one in the whole string. The race was run before one of the mos aclusive gatherings of the season. Only hose who are members of the MacDowell Club were present. The MacDowell Club is not an organization which any one with the price of an admission ticket may hope to All of those present the other night well, and, in some cases, favorably nown to each other. The quality of the c temperament shown was very high, and there were many previous blue ribbon ers present, who kept, however, modatly in the background, dressed in bright yellow, blue and pink.

ring together congenial souls who find e to commune about this and that more indolent persons sleep valuable

by chance made acquaintances. With the Queen, he honored the occasion by wearing thirteen racers were vigorous for the course. formation of the MacDowell Club these regular socks, the first time he has made a scattered units were brought together, heat without white socks this season. and while the club is rather exclusive it | Boardman Robinson, of Staten Island, is along the lines of good fellowship and was finding it difficult to stand still as the lines of bank account.

in the evening as to when the racers | If his silk hats could speak they would would pass under the wire elicited the information from the doorman that the nembers of the club were enjoying a superb collation, that there were half a dozen sociability on hand, and that when these ack, twenty-six and one-half miles, in five matters were disposed of the trumpet would be sounded. The doorman was not here is a good place to mention that too much credit cannot be given Ben Ali Haggin for his stage managing of the great programme, as he made it an evening that will long be remembered by all fortunate

enough to participate. While many of the women were enjoying their cigarettes at 10:30 o'clock The Tribune man was informed by one of the male members that, although the best, quickest and most satisfactory way to find a hospital in an emergency is to go to Sheepshead Bay and shout for Governor Hughes, the club had decided there was no law against holding a snappy event indoors, and had therefore arranged to have a novel race, quietly conducted.

The conversation was interrupted at this point by the appearance of Master Max Rosenweig, twelve years old, carrying a violin and a tool box, on which he stood, apparently unconscious of the many won dering glances cast at him. Miss Claire Rathael accompanied the young phenome non on the plano. He played three difficult pieces exquisitely, his violin being

perfect control at all times. The clubman then went into a description-welcoming a chance to revert to the subject-of the competitors that were now being groomed for the Durbar sweepstakes 70-foot dash. He referred glowingly to their vigor and finish, and I concluded there would be a wonderful lot of step on exhibition throughout the next twenty

Looking them over before the race began was an interesting occupation. Mr. Wiles, the painter of portraits, was to take the first position at the left of the course, and Nell Brinkley, in a pink dimity, was as-

signed to canter at his right. There was Wallace Morgan, whose illustrations are shown on the outside and inside of magazines; "Art" Young, a "dangerous" man, full of ideas about the neces sity for the early democratization of the world; Hy Mayer, known as the Idealist of Long Acre Equare, and James Montgomery Flagg, the original catch-as-catch-can speed

draftsman. Some of the judges thought that Mr. Flagg ought to give the other dozen a handicap, but something interfered. He started with the rest. He has had so much experience in painting any one's portrait while that person waited that no doubt he would have been with the bunch in the homestretch, any way, no matter what handicap he had been compelled to extend. cal instead of psychic ideas. She is read- the ancient sort, where tradition and con-

answer: "We are seven." George Bellows can paint a prizefight so vividly that women have been known to minutes, put in all the brewerles, tugboats and barges, and not omit any of the beauty

John Sloan is another "dangerous" man. form of government by putting several famine stricken Indians in the Dazzling Durbar procession. Mr. Stoan is a man of for anybody.

Mr. Mora, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Smith and Mr. Eddy all showed stamina and per-

Ben Ali Haggin blew his policeman's ants rushed to their places. Straightway ing the King and Queen. A big black ob- require the attention of a trained artist. the stir and hum of the gathering died. ject developed which looked like a cow I told him that the camels in the durbar

The whistle sounded short and sharp. "They're off!" rose like a summer zephyr

from the low-necked crowd. Then the spectators saw them in spienclubable qualities rather than along the time for the race to start drew near. He did bursts of speed, heads high, muscles others may look more lovable, I said to wore his customary homemade hair cut, tense, all racers in the pink of condition, Inquiry at the Fine Arts Building early but while under way removed his silk hat. full of life and vim, and handsome as a picture. Before the first post had been

were loudly encored. All through the wonderful race they never faint at the sound of the blows. He can forgot the great distance to be covered, varieties of punch and all kinds of bottled draw the Palisades from Hoboken to Ny- made no mistakes and never attempted to "close" with their side mounts.

show through the charcoal dust. Bets toward the end. He wasted some valuable only courteous but correct. And right and fashion of Riverside Drive in the fore- began to be wagered that John W. Alexander would beat "Dan" Smith by a head, Not having his silk hat he must, it seemed, Mr. Alexander having produced four heads He had to take a crack at the capitalistic in 3 minutes 172-5 seconds, and showing no And in the mean time his elephant was

Mr. Smith showed that he was after a world's record by making half a herd of phant smile convictions, and simply will not pretend elephants-only the trunks and tails to be put on-in 7:56:20. This performance was a

smasher. All the other racers maintained their plained that I was a sporting department formed with brilliant execution. Their ac- quality and calibre. They had an unerring

under stress. Mr. Flagg set a very fast running-walk whistle three times, at which the contest- gait. He seemed argus-eyed. He was draw-

member in it resembling, to the untrained I had always understood that a camel was eye, a turfman, a cross of a Soudanese a docile and somewhat stupid beast. Arab with a Hester street Mahometan. The myself, and turned my eye elsewhere to

give Mr. Young time to reform. An artist dropped a piece of chalk, Nothreached they did some amusing tricks and ing daunted, he picked it up again, and not an instant too soon, for the racers on either side had sped swifly on.

The elephant is said to have forty the sand muscles in its trunk. Boardman Robinson was trying, in twenty minutes, to Some very close places began at once to get these muscles in place, but gave it up time stopping to put on a white kid glove. be permitted at least one white kid glove waiting for its trunk. With an affectionate tap of his kid glove he made the ele

> Several things began to show up that were new to me, and I went to a male they ought to be." member of the MacDowell Club and exman and would be compelled to resign from over the hurdles that all of those thirteen repair. cross-country cartoonists were jumping.

He asked me what it was that seemed to

the world over for an extreme passiveness

His eye lighted up. He said: "These drawings that you see here this vening are what are known as combining

he scientific and ideal." "Oh," I said, ashamed. "Yes," he replied. "Just so. These ar-

he facts of nature-they must go further and draw figures, not merely as they appear to their bodily eyes, but as they would appear to the artist after doing the durbar for nine or ten days."

I laughed with relief at this. I could understand now what the artists were doing. With only one dinner to work on they were producing animals and people that would have done them credit if they had not been hed for a fortnight.

"Like Raphael," continued my informant these artists here this evening are drawng men and women, not as they are, but as

I could not agree wholly with him in this, because some of the men and women in the durbar parade, as it was now taking tions will be described in detail later in eye, and were able to keep their head this assignment unless he would take me shape, did not seem to me to be in good sobriety of manner, and, although you expect a more or less chattering expression on the face of a monkey, this characteristic is greatly exaggerated in every drawing

where monkeys had any part. "You hear a lot about Michael Angelo," sad the artist, "but he couldn't have done Kate Carew's Talk with the Countess of Warwick what any of these thirteen are doing. When the time at the disposal of Michael Angelo was limited, he was, as the saying is, decidedly up against it."

Then, with a proud sweep of his right arm, he added: "Not so with the artists of

to-day!" The pretty girls of H. B. Eddy and Nell it will have the right foundation. It will Bunkley showed lines having more variety of curvature, and the forms disclosed by mere housing for the weak, incapable them were more individual than I had ever seen. I was beginning to grasp the things that were being said to me. Unflinching first tentative tap on the door; the sec- truthfulness was not, as in reporting a horse race, of prime necessity for an artist.

"Oh, I am so sorry," said the countess Very well, then. I cocked my ear for "Any object may be drawn in a manner which is picturesque," my new found friend

instructed me, "or not picturesque, according to the temper of the artist." "That monkey taking moving pictures

from the top of that grinning elephant's

Think of that, girls. Your Aunt Kate head is what you call a picturesque production, then?" I inquired. "The temper of an artist who produces deturesque work of that character,"

replied, "is observant and playful. If the elephant had been shown as morose, you would have known that the artist was a man of an entirely different disposition. "Do I make myself clear? The pictur-

esque is always easily recognizable by its love of accident and variety of line and When in excess it violently exaggerates these accidents, varieties and

That was what was the matter, then, night.

They Were All Stirring at club each individual went home and only As he was going to do the King and Every face turned to the north, where the by chance made acquaintances. With the Queen, he honored the occasion by wearing thirteen racers were vigorous for the course. and Proved the Largest Thing at MacDowell Club Dinner.

with all of these flashing figures on that seventy-foot panel. At least, I comforted ists could not rest satisfied with copying myself by believing that the artists were suffering from a condition technically

known as "in excess." As the time was drawing to a close they were all using the most summary mean of expression. The Royal Pomp and Pane ply of the Earth's Greatest Pageant wouldin a manner of speaking, be unfolded before the eyes of the crowd in another mo ment. One could see already that the very

imagination had been outdone. It is safe to say that a comparatively small number of those fortunate enough to have witnessed the inspiring ceremonial covering a period of several days, obtained nearly as vivid and startling a view, or as reventy-foot panel presented when the race was over. In fact, it would have been imscenes over there, unless he had been p sessed of supernatural faculties.

being better than another. The sense awe that possesses one on gazing upon that seventy-foot picture is something which never before, perhaps, has been conveyed in just the same manner. It must be seen to be believed. "Art" Young has produced in that panel

several noble, haughty busts, the deeply overshadowing hair descending close to action, socialists in winding sheets and turbans-carrying a banner, on which is intouch, the final, erroneous "k" he must have, apparently.

The artists made the procession a kind of cattle show. To meet at the throne come two parades composed of horses, ele phants, camels, men and maidens, many of the latter most glorious.

The animals appear to live and move, to roll their eyes, to gallop, prance and curvet, the veins of their faces and legs seem distended with circulation. And yet they have an odd something that makes them far more interesting than if they were more like nature. There is a monkey with an expression of heavenly grief and resignation, indescribably beautiful and to ing. It is impossible to conceive an expression more deep and fervent. You expect something of this sort of expres in the face of a dog who has just lost his master, and you would not be surprised if on the face of the camel there chilly, concentrated look. But the camels

in this picture grin. It is the union of nature with ideal beauty, evidently. Any way, the grandeur and originality of the design were when I finally pulled myself apart at mid-

scheme of civilization. Do you agree with him?" "As long as there is poetry in world there will be poets to interpret it, but they must find it. That is their mis-We cannot say: "This is beautiful, write an epic.' The old order is passing away, old schools, old forms of expression. Truths are eternal. If a man has poetry in his soul, it will seek expression

Lady Warwick said this with a graceful gesture, and very emphatically, as if it was a subject on which she had thought

"Do you read our poets? Do you find any who are lifting themselves above their "I know your Walt Whitman. No one

could be finer. He found poetry everywhere-a Modern of the Moderns." Naturally one can't talk poetry long without thinking of marriage. Two

never can. "Do you believe in it?" I asked. Warwick laughed, a pleasant, low toned laugh. "My personal experience has been such a happy one that I am afraid my judgment is prejudiced. Certainly the question has not been laid on the table. Woman has broken up the home-that is, less dominant, there are many homes of the old-fashioned home, founded on physi-

thoroughness that she has displayed in them. What does that argue?" tearing it to pieces." Your Aunt Kate nearly nodded her head

off at this. I interpolated: "You certainly can't make an old gown over until you have ripped it up, now, can you?"

"And the making over," said Lady Warwick, "will have to take monetary matters and the freedom of the soul into the scheme. The marriage of the future must have more of the element of comrade One cannot exclude the Bible reaship. sons, but one can put them in the proper place in the mosaic, and when they are

so placed the mosaic will be of perfect design, with no rough edges." "Do you think that marriage jars the ar tistic temperament?" "Not when conditions are perfect, hus

band and wife comrades in the truest sense of the word." Lady Warwick has the sobriquet of the "Radical countess." Of course, I knew that, and had been leading warily to the

"Don't you think socialism has changed "Perhaps. Everything that has to do with economic conditions is responsible. The home is the heart of life; any change must become vital there. The need of individualism has been a factor. In country places, where the spirit of unrest is

She did not wait for me to tell her, but hurried on. Mentally I tagged. "The home will endure, and the

of the future will be more beautiful, for not be built on passion, it will not be

We had not taken any notice of the ond was more emphatic.

as we both rose. You will come and see more. me after my trip, won't you, now? Promise to telephone me. I am so glad to have had this interview all alone with you. When you come again we'll talk over the things you and I are interested in-just you and I. Goodby. So kind. So glad." bracketed with a real, live countess. 'Just you and I." Isn't that splendid? Wouldn't wonder if I were presented at

court some day. How swagger it would ook in the papers. "Miss Carew presented at the Queen's drawingroom by her friend, Lady Warwick, who was Frances Evelyn Maynard, her grandfather last Viscount Maynard, half-sister of the Duchess of Sutherland and Earl of Roslyn, whose husband, Francis Richard Guy Greyville, Lord Brooke, succeeded to earldom of Warwick in 1893." My pedigree? Oh, don't let's stop for